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Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. II.

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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.
ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland,

Written for the Reporter.
**NED GRAYSON;
OR THE RECLAIMED.**

BY ADDIE AND SOPHIE.

CHAPTER I.
In a fashionable part of the city of New Orleans, stood a princely mansion. Everything connected with the establishment, indicated the wealth of the owner. In one of the luxuriant parlors, carelessly reclining upon an elegant sofa, was Edward, or Ned Grayson, as he is more frequently called by his most intimate friends. The book, which but a little while before, he had been attentively perusing, had now fallen listlessly from his hand, and he gazed dreamily upon the face of his young wife, as, seated at the piano, her sweet voice floated through the apartment, blending with the rich tones of the instrument.

But a few short months before, he had borne her from her Northern home, and from the parental roof, where she had filled with sunlight and happiness, the hearts of those around her. Although gentle, yet she possessed great firmness of character, which exerted much influence over her impulsive husband. He was of a genial temperament, yet possessed all the impetuosity which is characteristic of the southerner.

As the song died away, ere she had risen from the piano, the door opened, and Arthur Tracy entered; a young man, who, though they had met but a few times before, had by his skillful address, pleased the fancy of Grayson.

He met with a kindly reception; and after conversing a while with that ease and fluency that characterized a person accustomed to fashionable society, he rose to depart, and proposed a short stroll to Grayson; who, pleased to enjoy the refreshing breeze of evening, after the intense heat of the day, gladly accepted. Turning to his wife and saying 'I shall not leave you long, Minnie,' they passed out.

After strolling about through the pleasant streets for a short time, chatting gayly the while, they met two young men, whom Tracy introduced as his friends.

They proposed that, as they were on their way to Weymouth's, Tracy and Grayson should join them; which proposal was thoughtlessly accepted.

They entered the saloon, seated themselves at a table, and called for refreshments. All except Grayson seemed inclined to tarry long at the wine; but he remembering his promise to his wife spoke of returning; but all exclaimed 'Why leave us so soon? Do you fear a reproof from your wife? Well, if you must go, let us drink one glass to the health of the company ere we separate.'

After a little urging, he unsuspectingly yielded, little thinking that by this one glass, he would lose all self-control. Then causing the refreshments to be removed, they called for cards, which, being brought, it is now no longer necessary to urge him to play; but excited, he joins in the game, forgetting that Minnie is anxiously waiting his return.

Not wishing to detain him so long as to awaken the suspicions of his wife, after making an appointment with him for another evening, they propose returning.

The walk home in the cool night air, calmed his excitement so that when he entered the parlor, Minnie saw nothing unusual in his appearance. She rose to meet him, saying, 'I am glad you have come. I have been waiting for you so long. I almost feared some accident had happened to you.'

'Is it then so late?' said he. 'I did not think to leave you so long, but I met some friends on the street, who invited me to go to Weymouth's; and in conversing with them, time passed more rapidly than I was aware. I must not leave you again, for so long a time, since you are so lonely in my absence.'

When then this promise was made, he intended that it should be fulfilled; but the engagement which he had just made, must be met; and he firmly resolved that it should be the last.

This met, another made and fulfilled, and he had created such a taste for excitement, that he was no longer able to resist. Many times he promised his wife that this should be the last; but as many times he yielded. His companions had him now, completely in their power. They knew he possessed great wealth, and they determined to make it their own. And well did they play their part. He was a gambler! He would not confess it to himself; he did not think this to be the case. It was only an innocent amusement in which he indulged; he would not carry it too far; surely, he could stop when he chose.

Minnie little thought how deeply involved her husband had really become. She only knew that he preferred the company of those young men to her own; that home had lost its attractions for him. It was indeed, a bitter thought that the heart of her husband should be thus estranged from her. She thought of every act and word of her own, but remembered nothing that could have offended him. Many a night she waited and watched for him, till the morning light began to dawn. When he came, his step was hurried, his cheek flushed, and his whole appearance that of a man laboring under great excitement. He had continually some petty excuse, and a promise of amendment, which was ever a promise.

CHAPTER II.
One night entering his house as the hands of the old clock in the niche pointed to the hour of twelve, and noiselessly opening his parlor door, the first object upon which his eye rested was his wife, who wearied with weeping and watching, was sleeping, half buried among the cushions of the sofa where we first found Grayson. Her face had now lost its joyous expression of former days, and upon her pale countenance rested a troubled and careworn look. This Grayson now noticed for the first time, and it pierced him to the heart.

Not caring to awaken her, and dreading to make known the bitter change, he recklessly threw himself upon an ottoman near by, and gave himself up to the bitter thoughts with which his mind was filled. By his mad folly of the past few months, he had not only destroyed her peace of mind, but within the last few hours had reduced her from wealth and luxury, to poverty and toil.

Yes, he was ruined! His artful companions had now accomplished their merciless plot. He remained for some moments plunged in agonizing thought.

At last, Minnie was suddenly startled from her sleep by a deep drawn sigh, which had escaped him unawares. Gazing wildly around, she cries. 'Do I still dream? Is this you Ned, and why this sorrow?' It is indeed, he replied, yet how tell the cause of my grief to one so good and pure; who has so faithfully warned me of my danger, so earnestly entreated me to pause in my reckless course, ere it should be too late?—'Conceal nothing from me Ned, I am prepared for the worst.' Since you wish it, then it must be told. It is not for myself that I grieve, for I have deserved it all! My tears flow only at the thought of the misery I have brought upon you. How many hours of pain and sorrow have I caused you! but now, how is that misery increased! How dark the future! All is lost! Madly at the gaming table, have I this night staked all! Tracy, who I thought my friend, has proved my ruin. Gradually leading me on, he has reduced me to beggary. His aim accomplished, he now scorns me. We can expect no pity from him. To-morrow we are homeless, and where seek shelter? How will you, reared in influence, be able to sustain this change?

'And is this all?' I had not expected so favorable a termination! Grieve not for me! Gladly would I endure poverty, cheerfully would I labor, could I again restore you to the paths of innocence and virtue—Let us leave the scene of your ruin, and seek some quiet retreat.'

On the following day, their stately mansion passed into the hands of strangers. Minnie left her home without a sigh. Grayson encouraged by the cheerfulness and firmness displayed by his wife, seemed inspired with new energy. He obtained a humble cottage in the country, far from his former home. It was a lovely spot, which the skillful hands of Minnie rendered still more charming. Flowers of every hue were blooming about the door, tastefully arranged, and carefully attended. Wide spreading trees shaded the cottage from the burning rays of the noon-day sun. There, busily employed, Grayson forgot the past with all its bitter memories. The pale and careworn look had vanished from Minnie's brow. They were happy now, and in their hearts there remained no desire for their former life.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY.

A truthful grateful heart may not be able to tell its gratitude, but it can feel, and love and act.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I am sure if I had known that uncle intended to buy a haunted house I never would have promised to be his housekeeper. Not that I believe in such things, you know; but somehow, there is something terrible in the very idea of a disembodied spirit, and I cannot understand how any one of uncle's sense could purchase a dwelling which had such a reputation. People, whose veracity you could not doubt, had known other people, who were church members, who had known other people, who belonged to the first families who had seen, with their own eyes, the spirit of the last owner of the property, who had shot himself, walking through the empty house and looking out of the windows. Oh, goodness gracious! I shudder as I write it. Of course they must have been mistaken; but, still, I would not have moved into that house for any earthly consideration.

My name is Beulah Laurence, and I am at this moment just seventeen years old. A year ago I finished off at the Seminary, and went home for good. I had four flower pieces framed, could play twelve waltzes and four polkas, sing two Italian songs, and talk French—to the French master. I could make shell-work, and had embroidered an ottoman-cover and a bead carl-basket: so you see, my time had not been wasted. And—well, please don't tell any one—I think I was pretty. The music-master told me so when he proposed to me. Of course I would not have him—I could not bear him; but, then, he must have thought I was good-looking, or he would not have told me so, you know. Poor fellow! he said he would shoot himself if I did not say yes, but he didn't; he eloped the next week with another scholar, whose father was very wealthy. She was a very ugly girl, and of a very disagreeable disposition. I hope I did not drive him to it by my refusal. Dear me where am I wandering to? I must come back to the point at once.

When I left school and went home, the first news which greeted me was that Uncle Richard—who had been travelling everywhere ever since I could remember—had come home, and was about to purchase a house in New York, and settle down quietly for the remainder of his days.

This surprised me; but, dear me, when ma told me that he insisted that I should live with him, and be his housekeeper, I was perfectly astonished. I keep house, and for such a particular man as uncle! I was sure I could never undertake such a task. However, ma coaxed me into it—first, by explaining to me how much easier it was to give orders than to execute them, and then by exciting my sympathy for uncle, who had no wife or daughter, or any one but me to live with him, and make his home pleasant. So, after all, I agreed to the proposition, and really felt quite noble and magnanimous.

'Poor uncle! I will sing those pieces from "Norma" to him,' I said to myself; 'and I'll make all sorts of guilt-paper baskets for his centre-table, and embroider his name on all his pocket-handkerchiefs. I will do everything to make his life happy, as sure as my name is Beulah Laurence.'

While I was thinking thus, uncle arrived. I had not seen him for years, and was not prepared to find him such an old, stern-looking man. I began to think that he would scarcely care to have his name embroidered on his handkerchiefs, or to look at the guilt-paper baskets, or to hear the pieces from "Norma"; and I knew that if he wanted me to read to him it would be from some heavy, tedious work—history, perhaps—and not one of the dear, delicious novels which I had so often smuggled under my pillow, and read all night, at Madame B.'s school. Still, he was very kind, and took my hand so softly, and called me his little housekeeper in so gentle a tone, that he quite won my heart; and I was sure, as I looked into his strange solemn eyes, that his history had been a romantic one, and that in his heart were garnered up memories more thrilling than even the entrancing pages of Bulwer or Dumas.

I had become very quiet and happy, when suddenly, without preface, Uncle Richard said:

'You will not be afraid to live in a haunted house, will you, Beulah?'
'A haunted house?' I said, inquiringly.
'Yes a haunted house,' laughed uncle. 'Ours has that reputation, you must know.' And then he told us the whole story of the former owner, and repeated his question.

Of course I laughed, and said that I should like to see an apparition; but, between you and I, I was afraid that I should feel lonely at night, no one near me but the black girl, Cissy, who was going with me from home. Not, as I said before, that I believed such stories; but the blood does curdle, sometimes, against our will, and I defy the strongest mind in the universe to assert that it has never succumbed to a momentary feeling of superstition.

'Of all things,' I said to ma, 'don't tell

Cissy that you have heard any strange stories about the house, or she will never go with me, and what should I do without her?'

Ma promised secrecy, and all the while that we were packing up I am sure I never let one word fall from my lips upon the subject; yet somehow, Cissy did discover just what we wanted to hide from her, and came to me the night before we were to start, with the whites of her eyes displayed in the most awful manner, to ask if she was to sleep alone—for, if she did, she was sure she should die of fright. I told her that she was to occupy an apartment opening out of mine, and that if the spirit came into her room it would have to go through mine first. And you cannot imagine how much good it did me to laugh at her folly. I became very sceptical and sensible, and felt exceedingly conscious of my superior wisdom.

When we started in the carriage for our new house, I am sure I felt twenty years old at the very least.

The bustle of arrangement and preparation drove all thoughts of supernatural from my mind for several days. And the presence of a stout and exceedingly material Irish girl in the kitchen dispelled the greater part of Cissy's fears. We ate and slept without nocturnal visitation, and, in fact, soon almost forgot the ancient reputation of the haunted house.

A month had passed, quietly and peacefully. I had striven to do my duty, and at least succeeded in pleasing uncle. Above all, I felt something within me, now that the smothering atmosphere of a boarding-school was no longer about me, which told me that I was intended for something more than a mere doll; and though yet very vain and foolish, on the whole I believe I had improved.

I was thinking something like this, one night, as, rocking myself backward and forward in my little chair, I waited in my sleeping apartment for Cissy, who always came to brush out my hair before I retired, when suddenly the whole house resounded with a series of the most terrible screams which I have ever heard to issue from human throats. I started to my feet in horror, and rushed to the door. On the stairs I met uncle, wrapped in his dressing-gown, hurrying kitchenward, and without a word I followed him in the full expectation of finding either Cissy or Bridget weltering in her blood.

Cissy, indeed, was lying upon the floor, under the dresser, still making night hideous with her screams, but she did not appear to be injured in any serious manner, for she scrambled up the moment she saw us, and plumped down upon her knees before uncle.

'What is the matter, Cissy?' I said; 'we all thought you were being murdered.'

'So I was with fright,' answered Cissy.—'Oh, massa!—oh, miss! I've seen him—standing just where you do—looking straight at me with that horrid ghastly face of his. Just as true as I live, miss. Wish I may die if it ain't true.'

'Whom have you seen, Cissy?' said uncle coolly.

'The ghost!' said Cissy, with another howl. 'Him that shot himself in this very kitchen.' 'Bah!' said uncle, turning on his heel, 'ghosts never revisit kitchens, child; they confine themselves to churches and churchyards. You must have been dreaming.'

'I was just as wide awake as I am now—'pon my word, massa,' replied the girl; and he walked in from that door, just as if he was alive.'

In a white sheet, with fiery mouth and eyes, I suppose?' said uncle.

'No, sir, he had a brown coat and blue trousers,' answered Cissy—'just like the man that shot himself.'

'Brown coat and blue trousers. I must see to this apparition,' said uncle; 'he is altogether too substantial.' And, taking the candle, he went to the doors and windows to examine them; but everything was secure, and no trace of human presence was visible in dining-room or parlors. From room to room we wandered, looking behind doors and under tables, and, coming at last to Biddy's room we knocked at the door.

Biddy announced from within, in a sleepy voice, that her door was fastened, and that she had heard no noise. Satisfied with the answer, uncle returned to his own apartment and Cissy and I locked ourselves into mine. Poor child, what a time I had with her! I was delighted when she fell asleep, at last with her head wrapped up in the coverlid of her little bed. I hoped that daylight would convince Cissy that she had really seen nothing, but she was only more resolute in her assertion of the fact, and insisted upon it that she would die within the year, for that every one who saw a spirit always died. In fact, her terror was so great that I was obliged to send her home to ma, and hire a young Scotch girl in her place.

Katharine, for such was her name, was a smart, sensible, and pious girl, and I had no fear on the score of her terror of the supernatural. I know that no story would have much influence upon her, and that she was

gifted with a good digestion and the power of sleeping soundly. Consequently, I was considerably startled when one evening, she entered the parlor very suddenly, and asked me to step out into the hall with her.

'I beg pardon, miss,' she said, when we were alone: 'but is there any gentlemen about the house besides the master?'

'No! why do you ask, Katharine?' I said. 'Because I met some one on the stairs, just now,' replied the girl; 'and the way he passed me, like a thief or a spirit, scared me.'

'Where did he go?' I enquired. 'Every door in the house was fastened at seven o'clock, to my certain knowledge.'

'He went straight into the kitchen, miss,' said Katharine, with a strange shudder, and a glance over her shoulder. 'And—oh, miss! I know it is foolish, but he look like something wrong. He might have been a wraith, he went so softly.'

I declare, when she said that, I did feel nervous. However, I did not let her see how I felt.

'Come let us go to the kitchen,' I said. 'If any one went through the door, he must be there.'

As I spoke, I ran down the stairs, and Katharine followed me. Bidget was in the kitchen, stoning raisins for a cake, and no one else was visible. The outer door (I looked at that immediately) was locked and barred, and so was the door leading to the cellar.

'Who was that in the kitchen, just now, Bridget?' I asked.

'Only myself, miss,' answered Biddy. 'No one could come in without my seeing 'em.'

I looked at Katharine, and Katharine looked at me.

'I saw some one come through the door,' said Katharine.

'A man?' inquired Bridget.

'Yes, a tall man,' answered Katharine.

'In a brown coat?' again asked Bridget.

'I believe so,' stammered Katharine.

'I've seen him myself,' said Bridget, going on with the raisins; 'and so did the black girl, and so will every one who ever lives in this house. He can't rest quiet, poor soul!'

I gave one little scream—I could not help it; and Katharine fell into a chair, and looked as though she were about to faint.

'My grandfather used to see 'em,' she said. 'But, oh! it's terrible.'

'Nonsense,' I interposed. 'I believe you are all bereft of your senses. I am perfectly ashamed of you, I declare I am.' And with these words, I left the kitchen, and went to uncle who was in the parlor, to tell him what Katharine had said. Once more the house was searched from garret to cellar, and once more no aperture could be discovered by which mortal man could make entrance or exit. Uncle laughed, and I—well, no matter what my thoughts were; they were too foolish to record.

Again the alarm died away; nothing more was heard of the mysterious figure, and the daily routine of domestic life was undisturbed by his unwelcome visitations.—Katharine began to assert that she did not believe in her own vision, and I had grown as sceptical as Uncle Richard. One day, a friend of Uncle Richard's—a captain in the army—came to dine with us, and, the day proving stormy, agreed to stay over night.

While I was giving Katharine the clean linen for the spare bed-room, I said to her with a laugh: 'I hope, Katharine, that Captain T. will not be visited by our apparition, to-night; that spectral brown coat might disturb his slumbers.' Katharine made no answer, but looked at me imploringly, as though she would have asked me to say no more upon the subject; and I left her in a few moments, thinking to myself that if Captain T. should chance to see or hear anything mysterious, I should begin to place some confidence in the visions of Cissy and Katharine.

It was midnight, and as I lay awake, looking at the moon, which glittered through the window upon my pillow, and kept me from sleeping, Katharine was snoring loudly in Cissy's little room, and the clock ticked away upon the mantle, as though it wished to keep me from being lonely. Above the noise of its metallic tongue I soon began to hear tread of unshod feet without my door. Pat, pat, pat they went upon the oil-cloth with a spectral sound. In another moment, Captain T.'s voice resounded through the house, crying: 'Thieves! thieves! thieves!'

I heard my uncle's voice and step, and hastily dressed myself. I had no dread of thieves or housebreakers. I knew—how, I cannot tell—that Captain T. had seen the vision which had twice before alarmed the inhabitants of that house.

Sure enough, when I reached the entry, Uncle Richard was standing beside the captain, with a bewildered look upon his face, which I could easily account for, while the captain protested that a man in a brown coat had passed him, and ascended to the attic.

There is no hiding-place upon the floor, and Bridget's room was locked upon the inside.'

'But I tell you I am not mad,' replied the captain. 'I saw him plainly. The stealthy patter of his footsteps caused me to look out into the passage, and he had just reached the top of the attic stairs. He wore a brown coat, blue trousers, and had a knife in his hand.'

'But where is he?' said Uncle Richard.

'Hiding, somewhere, of course,' replied the captain.

'We have looked everywhere,' said Uncle. 'Or he has jumped from some window, or made his escape by some door,' insisted the captain.

'Doors and windows are all fastened on the inside,' said Uncle Richard.

The captain turned on his heel, and locked himself in his room, and I stole back to mine; feeling, I must confess it, utterly horrified, and convinced of the truth of all the stories I had heard about that haunted house. The subject was discussed over the breakfast table: even uncle acknowledged that there was something mysterious in the third appearance of this apparition, and thought Cissy, Katharine, and the captain must all have had the nightmare. Why the nightmare should each time have worn a brown coat and blue trousers was unaccountable.

Uncle Richard sent for a locksmith next day, and had thief-proof locks added to all the principal doors. At which precaution Bridget shook her head wisely, and remarked, that 'the poor soul would walk in spite of them.'

Again the alarm subsided. My seventeenth birthday had arrived, and I was to have a party of young friends on that occasion. My new dress and the many preparations occupied my thoughts, and those of Katharine and Bridget, and we had no time to spend on visions. I stood, on that evening, within my room, the last curl adjusted, the last clasp fastened, looking admiringly at a bouquet of exotics, and felt no more fear of any spectre than I did of the unknown.

On the landing of the lower flight stands an old-fashioned clock, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and containing a long looking-glass. As I passed this I chanced to catch a glimpse of my own form, and paused to take a peep. The light came up from the hall below, but the gas had not been turned on in the upper entry; there all was dark and shadowy, and there I saw reflected in the mirror a man's form, dimly visible, standing at the door of my own room. I did not faint or scream, but I turned as I did so. The vision seemed to move toward the upper stairs. Impelled by a feeling I can never account for, I followed, gliding after it toward the attic. At the head of the stairs it stopped again. I stopped before it.

'Why do you come here? What are you? Do you come to warn or to alarm us?' I said, wondering all the while at my own boldness. Do you stand before me now, on my birth-night, when I have the flowers he gave me in my hand, and am dreaming of long life and happiness, to tell me of sorrow or death? Speak!

The vision was silent, but it was there still. I put out my hand and touched it.—The touch restored me to my senses. This was no spectre, or, at least, it had a bodily form and substantial coat-tails. These last I seized, screaming for help as I did so, and holding them by main force. In a moment lights and footstep approached, and Uncle Richard's strong arms pinioned the spectre to the wall. It was tall and stout, and had on a brown coat and blue continuations.

'So, we have caught you at last,' said uncle 'now give an account of yourself, or I shall have you taken into custody. What are you doing here?'

'No harm, your honor. I'm the honestest man in the world,' whimpered he of the brown coat. 'I'm not the boy to stale a ha'porth.'

'But how do you happen to be here, then?' said Uncle Richard. 'This is a suspicious position for an honest man.'

'I came to see me wife,' replied the spirit. 'Your wife?' said uncle.

'Yis, yer honor,' sobbed Biddy, going down upon her knees: 'he's me lawful wedded husband, and it's the truth he's spakin'; and if folk would take him for a ghost, how could he help their doin' of that same. Barrin a bit of mate and bread, he's touched nothing in it; and that and a cup of tay I gave him meself.'

'But why did not you tell me that you were married, Biddy?' said uncle.

'I thought I'd lose me place, maybe,' replied Biddy; 'and it takes more for two to

to live than one, so I couldn't afford it. And begging parties, I said, I don't want to be bed when the captain was away. And let him out of the door when Katherine caught sight of him; and when the singer got into account of him, he was just getting a bit of the crowd turned out by for him from dinner."

Uncle let go of the brown coat-collar, and pointed to the stairs.

"You had better go down there as soon as possible," said he, "and, hark you, don't come up again, if you please. You can visit your wife in the kitchen when you like."

"Yes, yer honor. Thank ye," said Biddy's husband, beginning to descend.

"And—by the way, do you want work?"—continued uncle.

"Ay course, sir," replied Pat.

"Then come to me to-morrow, and I will see what I can find for you," continued Uncle Richard.

"Your honor is a rare gentleman," said Biddy. "He'll come in the morn, for certain."

The spectre took off its hat, made a bow, uttered words of Irish commendation and blessing, and vanished, while I retreated to my room to arrange my disordered toilette.

Biddy is still in our employ, and the spectre is engaged in the performance of what he calls odd jobs and errands."

The last owner, poor man! has never yet been seen within our walls; and the dwelling is rapidly losing the designation of The Haunted House.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING JUNE 22, 1860.

OUR AMUSEMENTS.

When the long summer-days come on, when the tide of business lulls away and leaves us little to think of but ourselves, our friends and our happiness, it naturally occurs to us all that we should be justified, perhaps called upon, to invent some means of guarding our health and spirits from the common and inevitable results of too close confinement within doors, and generally, to find some salutary and enlivening occupation and pastime.

To do this, we who live in the country, need not take long and tedious journeys to the mountains and watering-places, we need not, ought not ape the fashions of city-life and indulge in the expense of protracted journeyings among hills and streams which can boast of no purer air nor sweeter influences than float round those we live amongst. All around us, within our reach, are little worlds of social enjoyment, if our social qualities were what they should be.

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THE HAND-ORGAN.

Under our window now is an olive-complexioned, dreamy-eyed, free-soil Neapolitan, turning a crank with a listlessness that ill-becomes the precision of its motion, with a curious cast of features

"And a weary look of care."

and straightway there floats one of those melancholy airs which an Italian might sing over the grave of his country's long-buried liberties. A minute more and you hear how a swain, whose lot is cast upon the ocean, sings:

"Fare-ye-well, my own Mary-Ann, Fare-ye-well, for awhile;

For the ship is ready and the wind is fair, And I am off for the sea Mary-Ann."

Another turn of a mysterious "collateral security," and there's another flow of melody, to our ears familiar as household words. We do not know it's history, but we love it; for it was one of the first we learned in childhood. Now comes a regular current of electricity in the shape of "Fisher's Morn-pipe,"—"Down the outside and back—cast off—swing six—down the center and back—right and left, four." How come on the memories of the village fiddler in that kitchen "long and low," where twenty pairs of thick boots swung fearfully amongst "eight-cent calico," and where the old clock in the corner was often stopped by the "irrepressible conflict" might go on. And then the refreshments!—dough-nuts, (nut-cakes) pumpkin-pie, cut into pyramid shaped pieces and passed round by some "angel of the household" who stood five feet, four, in—somebody's estimation!

"Fainter hands never wrought at a pastry more fine.

Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!"

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,

Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less!"

Once more is a "thumping process" and "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" comes rattling forth. It is ended now. Our olive-colored friend is "played out!"

On the platform opposite, he has filled his pipe from Luther's cheap tobacco, and as the smoke goes upward, perhaps he sees in its varying hues some likeness to the vapory clouds of his own sunny clime!

The Circus is coming Friday June 29th, being a combined entertainment of Menagerie and Circus. It will bring out a crowd, for the reason—if none other—that we have had no such entertainment here for a number of years. The circus is the most democratic institution in the country. It costs all alike, and there is no favoritism in it. The ragged boy who gets his "quarter" by selling molasses candy in the crowd, gets just as good a seat as he who comes in a carriage. There is no division of the audience according to *caste*. There is no drawn line, *wherever* *between* the poor and rich. We go in for the circus. Everything may not be just as it should be perhaps, and yet a good circus (and we are assured this one is such) is a valuable entertainment, and one which is not half so full of mischievous tendencies as many other places of popular amusement. We do not look upon such a show as a thing at war with morals. We do not believe in that morbid fear and sensitiveness which always shut a certain class out. We cannot believe that it is *essentially* opposed to a rational enjoyment of life, and we are quite sure that a large part of the programme is at once pleasing and instructive.

From the Home Journal we clip the following gem of poetry. It is rarely beautiful.

Waiting for health and strength—

Counting each flickering pulse and passing hour,

And sighing when my weary frame at length Sinks like a drooping flower.

Waiting for rest and peace.

Rest from life's perplexing woof:

Peace from the doubts that couch like hidden foes,

And glare at me aloof.

Waiting for absent eyes,

Brighter than sunrise to the lonesome sea,

Lovely as life to youth's expectant gaze,

And dear as heaven to me.

Thou who didst watch and pray,

Quicken the pulse, bid doubt and weeping cease,

Or, if these must abide, still let me cry,

Bring back the loved to me!

WRONG TEACHINGS. We always objected to the teachings of the Puritans so far as they affected the heart and the happiness of children. Even the catechism many of us can well remember, was a very dark and mysterious guide to the present or future happiness of children, who will always rely upon a literal version of what they read. The following incident will illustrate our meaning.

CHILD'S QUESTION. Mrs. F. D. Gage gives the following question, as propounded by a little daughter of a Puritan mother, who had been taught that Heaven would be one long Sabbath; and little girls who had played, and sung, and laughed, and danced on Sunday, would be sent to Hell: "Mamma, said this young child if I am good when I go to Heaven, and learn my Sabbath-school lesson and don't play or make any noise for a good long while, don't you think God will let me go to Hell some afternoon, and have a good play?"

LAST FRIDAY we had the severest thunder storm of the season. The lightning was unusually powerful. We learn that hail fell in vast quantities in Sweden and that portion of this town known as the "Whitney neighborhood" doing great damage to glass, fruit-trees &c. We passed over the road which crosses part of the territory, the next day, and saw abundant evidences of its fury.

Where are you going Fourth of July?

He is richest who is contented.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jacob D.—When you wait upon a lady to the table, you should take a seat with her, and always upon the right side.

Johnny.—Isaac V. Fowler married a Skillings.

Antiquary.—You are wrong. The saying, "Straws show which way the current runs," was first suggested when the Mississippi overran its banks and washed away some grain stacked in a field. It was a very happy and forcible remark.

Farmer.—The difference between Ivy or Mercury, and Sarsaparilla, may be easily told by tasting of the former; for there's some doubt about the poisonous quality of the latter. Beer made from the first, may be wholesome in a long-run, but it has an unpleasant way of taking the skin from the lips, and making swellings of doubtful benefit, about the eyes, at first.

Patient.—Don't believe all you hear about the bad effects of calomel and kindred drugs. They do not affect the teeth much, nor destroy all your blood. They merely rot your bones; but that is about the extent of damage they will do you.

Tourist.—You can see the Great Eastern by going to New York in about four years.—Gotham is getting desperate and no doubt will in due season, construct a horse railroad to bring her in on. We advise you to see her by all means, for the chances are that you will never look upon her like again.

Several letters must lie over to next week.

Frederick Bridges, a noted Phrenologist of England, gives the following chart of the head of Tom Sayers, the celebrated English Champion of the Prize Ring. As the whole Yankee nation has felt a deep interest in the qualities of this formidable "opposing force" to Yankee enterprise, we give it to our readers:

"The excitement that Sayers has caused by his visit to this town shows that brute courage has a great number of admirers.—In a scientific point of view I felt anxious to see whether he came up to the true zoological rank of the professional fighting man. For many years I have made this class a special study, and I have invariably found that those who were the most noted for brute courage had a configuration of brain of a special type. Tom Sayers' development shows low faithful nature is to herself, not only in the formation of his brain but in that of his physical system. His temperament shows a close, compact, dense, tough, enduring, elastic organization; not ways bulky, but indicating that compactness and texture of muscle which so distinguishes the fine compact muscle of the race-horse from that of the draught horse. Indeed, his physiological characteristics show mingled vivacity and capability for continued exertion. His complexion is very uncommon, except amongst the Gipsies—it is a kind of red-olive color. The expression of his features is lively, showing animal vivacity; the eye quick and keen, and his face, the formation of his head is strikingly marked. It is narrow in the regions of the reflective faculties and gradually grows wider backward to combativeness, and rose high in the region of firmness, self-esteem and love of approbation. Indeed, his very large combativeness, self-esteem, love of approbation and firmness, give place and bull-dog courage, and the ambition to the most distinguished in the display of those qualities.

The peculiar courage displayed by Sayers appears to be much admired by persons in all ranks of life, but a moments reflection will show that the courage he manifested in the late fight was nothing more than the same kind of pluck and courage which is displayed by the bull dog and game-cock.—There is nothing moral in it, because those qualities of mind that distinguish a human being from the brute are adverse to all such conflicts.

On our first page is the communication referred to last week, from the young lady-student of No. Bridgton Academy. It was written as a school exercise, only. As a grammatical composition, it is a commendable effort, and as a moral sentiment, is correct and elevating, although as a romance it is not of an exciting character. We are always glad to publish all such for the mutual advantage of all interested in them.—When the composition-writer can see his or her own efforts in print and compare them with contemporary matter, they can or ought to form pretty correct judgements of their value.

MAINE TEACHER. The July number commences the third year of this periodical.—It is now under the management of Edward P. Weston, Esq., Portland. Published by B. Thurston, at the low price of one dollar per year.

The new Portland Daily, the "Evening Courier" has come upon our list and is welcomed right heartily to a place on our table. It is neatly printed and ably conducted, and we hope it may be prospered.

The rain has come, and is now promising to the farmers a supply of moisture that will materially improve his prospects for the hay-crop.

Peterson's Magazine for July has arrived. This publication still retains its former popularity.

Arthur's Home Magazine has been received for July and fully sustains its reputation.

A new paper has come to our table called The World, printed in New York. It promises to be a valuable news-medium.

Persons should not write on the margin of newspapers, unless they expect to pay letter postage on the same.

He is richest who is contented.

I WOULD NOT.

I would not kiss the sweetest lip Unless it kissed me on the forehead and the young rose-bud sip The morning's dew, cold dew.

Not clasp a hand, though soft and warm, Unless it pressed mine own; I'd rather love the perfect form Carved out of Parian stone.

I would not worship eyes, though bright And beautiful they be, Unless they bend their living light On me—and only me.

I would not love a form that Heaven Itself had stamped divine, If I but dreamed his love was given To other hearts than mine.

It seems to us that that girl is mighty particular!

Not Kendall, the famous bugler, who has delighted millions of people with his music, now lies at the point of death with consumption, and his friends have arranged a grand concert for his benefit, to take place at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the evening of the 26th inst.—[Exchange.]

The Gardiner Journal announced a few days since that he was to play at a cotillon party at Kennebec Hall, in that city.

MORAL FORTUNE TELLING. Despicable as the practice which goes by the name of fortune-telling is, we believe there is a kind of fortune-telling which is not only possible but easily practised upon correct principles. Thus, to begin with the young, when we see a child obedient to his or her parents or teachers, or any one else towards whom the subordinate relation has become necessary, we have no hesitation in predicting that good fortune will accompany such a child into early manhood or womanhood, and ensure a fair start in adult life. If the case be that of an honest, energetic young man, who has successfully advanced from the position of apprentice and journeyman into that of a master mechanic or boss, we can tell his fortune without much difficulty.—So with regard to those who have chosen a profession as the means of livelihood. Let us see how they do in their business. If they do this intelligently, industriously, and honestly at the start, they will be very apt to continue to do so, and success will be sure to continue in the long run. Unprincipled men, in the same line may get ahead of them at the beginning, but they will fare best in the end, and so illustrate the truth of the maxim, that honesty is the best policy. We will confess that we are no fortune teller, if it does not turn out.

A genuine Yankee boy is an institution the like of which the world, outside of Brother Jonathan's limits, cannot boast. John Stevens, a lad of thirteen years of age, is a specimen of such a "writer." Having been brutally whipped by his drunken father, in Worcester Mass., he obtained fifty cents from his mother, and resolved to join his sister, who lived in Rock county, Wisconsin. He started on his journey as only a Yankee boy would start—with half a dollar in his pocket, some fifteen hundred miles before him, and a brave heart under his vest. By riding on freight cars he reached Syracuse in due time, having spent twenty cents for provisions on the route. At Syracuse he obtained a situation as driver on the canal. At Rochester he got on the cars, where he soon managed to lose his hat—and ticket, of course—to receive a cap and check drawn to Buffalo, from the conductor, and at the latter place he took passage on board a boat bound to Chicago, acting as cabin-boy. At Milwaukee he inquired his way to the depot, and concluded to go to Janesville, where he arrived with five shillings in his pocket. After inquiry, not being able to find his sister, he wrote a notice to his whereabouts, and paid fifty cents for its insertion in a Janesville paper, and before sundown has \$1.24 in his pocket, which he had earned by manufacturing gum shellac cement. We incline to the opinion that Johnny Stevens will not only do to travel, but will, when he grows up, be competent "to keep a hotel." [Albany Argus.]

THE SHOE TRADE. Balthus reigns everywhere. Here in Lynn there is barely enough doing to call it business, and about the same condition of things exist in other places.—It is just now the dull season of a very dull year. The hopes of improvement which some so fondly anticipated from the "strike" have all been dashed, and the blow which was inflicted then has recoiled sadly upon labor itself. The prospect of anything like a fair trade until after election is very slim, and another winter must pass before we can reasonably expect a return of "good times." However, with the prospect of a full harvest, and fair returns to the husbandman, the real producer of wealth, there is every reason to be hopeful.—[Lynn Reporter.]

HOARD THE MINUTES. Try what you can make of the broken fragments of time.—Glean up its golden dust—those raspings and pairings of previous duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. Perhaps, if you are a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up old minutes, and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last, richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own.

The late heavy rains, says the St. Croix Herald, have not only refreshed the parched earth, but the streams have been swollen sufficiently to forward log driving considerably. It is said that more acres have been put in crop in this neighborhood this year than for many years past, owing doubtless to the very dry and favorable weather.

Norcross & Co. have their annual drive of logs from the White Mountain section, floating in the Merrimack on their way to Lowell. The logs are now a little above Concord, N. H., and will be at Manchester in a few days. The amount of the logs is twelve million feet; 125 men are engaged in the drive.

Between Thursday noon and Saturday morning of last week, says the Farmington Chronicle, \$3,000 was paid over in this village and vicinity for Franklin County horses. The number sold and taken away was eighteen, averaging upwards of one hundred and sixty dollars for each horse.

According to the Mechanics Union, the mills now have plenty of water, and the late successive rains have enabled lumbermen to turn their logs out of many of the branches into the main river. The weather for the last week or two has been very favorable to agricultural interests as well as lumbermen.

STRANGE WOMEN WANTED. Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck advertises as follows in her last Sibyl:—

Wanted.—An intended bride who is willing to begin house keeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Twenty fashionable young ladies who dare to be seen wielding the dusting brush or darning their brother's stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

Ten independent young ladies of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnet to church on a fine Sunday.

Fourteen young ladies, "who are anybody" who dare to be seen in the street wearing shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm.

Fifty young ladies of sufficient age "to go in company," who dare to confess they have made a loaf of bread or a putting.

ALL THE SERMONS OF THE WORLD IN TWENTY LINES. The following abridgement contains the pith and marrow, sum and substance, of a sermon which occupied an hour in delivery, and tells us all that any person can tell us—which by the way, is just nothing at all—about that "bourn from whence no traveler returns."

"Man is born to trouble."

MISCELLANY.

A BACHELOR'S LEGACY.

Full forty years I've single dwelt,
And scarcely know a sorrow,
Fortune with me has kindly dealt,
And now I never borrow.
For gold nor silver do the realms, sir,
I've bank notes by the stacks,
Of mortgages I have a stack,
And drive a double team, sir,
I've lived a solitary life,
Along with my old valet
But now I mean to take a wife—
Some one down in the valley;
And so, as I no more shall need
My bachelor enjoyments,
I'll let my wild oats run to seed,
And follow grave employments.

To Pompey I bequeath my hat,
My stockings, boots and collars,
My boxing gloves, my ball and bat,
And fifty golden dollars.
To Mrs. Axy and all her tribe,
I leave my hen and chickens,
The kitchen stove—'tis somewhat worn—
The cupboard, with its pickings.

To Parson Wright, who never wrong
To man or beast intended,
I leave the burden of a song,
That never can be ended—
A grateful one of thanks and praise:
And eke some sermon musty,
Preached by my father in the days
When he was old and crusty.

To my good old friend the Doctor, who
Likes Timothy's direction—
A cask of brandy, marked old Q,"
I leave for his inspection;
One cask of sparkling Champagne wine,
A box of choice Havanas,
The table off of which I dine,
My work on "social manners."

I leave my various games of chance,
A cooking book by Soyer,
My slightly list of "wines of France,"
Unto our rising lawyer;
My patent corkscrew, too,
A jar of piccalilli,
My hatch-key, just as good as new,
But not my gentle Lilly.

To Fred, the rascal! I bequeath
My silver mug, and sundials,
My MS poems, styled "The Wreath,"
And half a dozen candles.
My story-books of fairy lore,
With cuts of dwarf and giant,
And portraits, too, of little Jack,
And others as defiant.

I leave to Paul my diamond ring,
And Lilly White to tend him,
Each evening must she play and sing,
And while I'm gone befriend him;
And oh! my friend of other days,
To you I do bequeath, sir,
That you will follow in my ways,
And find your woe or weal sir.

OLD MADS. Many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tells more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is cut out for an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "old maid." In short we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of "an old maid."

A minister's wife says—"The first time I took my oldest boy to church, when he was two years and a half old, I managed, with caresses, frowns and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed to his feet, and stood on the seat looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed in a distinct voice, 'Mamma, make papa say Amen!'

A few days since an attorney presented a bill of \$2.50 to a humerus chap for legal advice. The latter admitted the correctness of the bill, but pleaded a set-off. When asked what it was, he said the lawyer has given the advice while standing on a vacant lot of the client, and he charged \$2.75 for the use of the ground. The lawyer left, remarking that "language wouldn't do the subject justice."

In Dunkirk, the friends of a deceased aunt intended to have upon her tombstone, "Let her rest in peace," but space upon the stone gave out at the close of the word "her." The ready witted sculptor, however, inserted the initials, and now the dear old lady sleeps under the laconic but inelegant epitaph:—"Let her r. i. p."

FARM SCENERY AND BROOK. A Wisconsin paper, after describing a farm which the advertiser wants to sell, adds:—"The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also, two wagons to sell, and a yoke of steers."

"Oh, an what's yer honor goin' to give secin' as its myself that saved yer house?"
"How so, Pat?"
"And sure, when it cotched a fire, wasn't I the second that hollered first!"

The Boston Transcript says, that a young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?"—We think a more pertinent inquiry is, what would become of the poor "man?"

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't think, except it's 'cause she wears a large comb in her head."

When we inquired of a friend a few days since what business he now followed, replied, "Dentistry—the insertion of teeth in, roast beef and bread and butter!"

The Ellsworth American states that the first newspaper printed in Maine east of Portland, was the Castine.

CHAS. J. WALKER & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES,

AND

RUBBERS,

SOLE LEATHER,

WAX LEATHER,

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

CALF SKINS,

Linings, Bindings,

Kid and Goat Stock, Rubber,

Goring, Shoe Duck, Pegs,

Lasts, Shoe Nails, and

SHOE TOOLS

OF ALL KINDS,

No. 48 Union street,

PORTLAND, ME.

CHARLES J. WALKER,
EDMUND LIBBY.

Gml5

HANSON & HILTON

Keep constantly on hand and for sale a good assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese,

Also, Corned and Fresh BEEF, MUTTON and clear Northern Pork, packed in store.

Flour,

of the best brands for sale low for Cash, or in exchange for Grain or Bacon Hams.

BEST CURED HAMS can be had at our store for 10 cents per pound.

Wanted, all kinds of Produce, Wood, Hoops and Shooks, in exchange for Groceries. Bridgton Center. 16tr

Take Them and Live.

NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.



HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILL, AND KID STRENGTHENING PLASTER. These unsurpassed remedies have, by the common consent of mankind, been placed at the head of all similar preparations. Herriek's Vegetable Pills, in universal goodness, safety and certainty in the cure of the various diseases of man, excel all others, and their sale unquestionably is treble that of all other kinds. In full doses they are active Cathartics, in smaller doses Tonic, and cleansing in all Bilious Complaints, Sick Headache, Liver Diseases, Kidney Derangements, Stomach Disorders, and Skin Affections, they cure as if by magic. These Pills are purely vegetable, can be taken at any time, and at any age, without change in employment or diet. Mercury is a good medicine when properly used, but when compounded in a Pill for universal use it destroys, instead of benefiting the patient. Herriek's Sugar Coated Pills have never been known to produce sore mouth and churning joints, as have some others. Therefore, persons in want of a family Pill, pleasant to take, certain to cure, and used by millions, will certainly look for no other. These Pills are covered with a coating of pure white sugar, no taste of medicine about them, but are as easily taken as bits of confectiary. FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS, 5 BOXES, \$1.

Herriek's Kid Strengthening Plaster.

These renowned Plasters cure pains, weakness and distress in the back, sides & breast, in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they to do this, that the Proprietor warrants them. Spread from resins, balsams and gums, or beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly adapted to the wants of Females and others. Each plaster will wear from one to four months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all other remedies fail. Full directions will be found on the back of each. Public Speakers, vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and others, will strengthen their lungs and improve their voices by wearing them on the breast. PRICE 18 3/4 CENTS.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff

Has obtained an enviable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Watery and Inflamed Eyes, and those distressing noises, resembling the whizzing of steam, distant waterfalls, etc., purely vegetable comes with full directions, & delights all that use it, as a sneezing snuff it cannot be equalled. BOXES 25 CENTS.

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

These old established Powders, so well known at the Long Island Race Course, N. Y., and sold in immense quantities through seven States, continue to excel all other kinds in diseases of Horses and Cattle, their excellence is acknowledged everywhere. They contain nothing injurious, the animal can be worked while feeding them; ample directions go with each package, and good horsemen are invited to test their virtues and judge of their goodness.

LARGE PACKAGE, 25 CENTS.

The above articles are sold by 27,000 agents throughout the United States Canada and South America, at wholesale by all large Druggists in the principal cities.

HERRICK & BRO.

Sold in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. 1y42

NEW Lot of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON.

FLOUR! Choice brands selling low at 29

BUCK WHEAT AND FLOUR. A fresh lot just received by

HANSON & HILTON.

ORANGES AND LEMONS! A splendid lot just received at BALL'S.

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS.

THE Bridgton Reporter Office has facilities for furnishing Programmes and Tickets for Concerts, &c., at low prices.

WATCH SPRING SKELETON SKIRTS FOR ONE DOLLAR, at BILLINGS.

TOWN AND SCHOOL REPORTS, PRINTED on new and beautiful type, and promptly delivered to order, at as low rates as will afford a living profit.

8 H. NOYE.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

He also has the right, and manufactures MITCHELL'S PATENT

Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes,

for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples, Watford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit.

JAMES WEBB. No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1868. tr

ADAMS & WALKER,

Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in

FURNITURE,

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS, MATTRESSES, Carpetings and

PAPER HANGINGS.

ALSO, DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES

West India Goods, &c.

PAINTS AND OIL.

J. R. ADAMS, BRIDGTON CENTER.

C. B. WALKER,

RUFUS GIBBS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BED BLANKETS

—AND—

FLANNELS,

SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WINNEY BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra WINNEY BLANKETS;

12, 11 & 10-4 WINNEY

12, 11, 10 & 9-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.

4-4 SHAKER AND DOME FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets

YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in

Dry Goods,

WEST INDIA GOODS.

—AND—

GROCERIES.

of every description

All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.

Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1868. 115

E. T. STUART,

MERCHANT TAILOR

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the public to his choice stock of

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy

Doekskins, and Vestings,

which he is prepared to manufacture in a style and manner calculated to compare favorably with the best. Also on hand a choice assortment of

FURNISHING GOODS.

Customers wishing a good article of Clothing made to fit in the newest and best style, will find this place a desirable one to leave their orders.

READY MADE CLOTHING

Also for sale at STUART'S.

Terms, Positively Cash.

Bridgton Center

S. M. HAYDEN,

—DEALER IN—

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

FANCY GOODS

—AND—

CUTLERY.

Also, DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

and most of the

POPULAR MEDICINES

of the day.

PURE WINES

for mechanical and medicinal purposes.

BRIDGTON CENTER.

BOURBON ELIXIR.

THE proprietor introduces his Elixir to the public with a positive knowledge that it will perform all that he claims for it. He did not originate it for the sake of having something to sell, but to cure himself of Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing, he succeeded completely in doing so, and, now, after having established its remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, he offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is something to sell, but to cure himself of Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing, he succeeded completely in doing so, and, now, after having established its remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, he offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

Health and happiness in store for you yet.

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;

IT CURES CONSTIPATION;

IT CURES SORE THROAT;

IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER;

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled System; And there is no medicine known that secures food to do so much good, that adds so much healthy nutrition to the Blood and Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon Elixir.

For sale in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden.

Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nashua, N. H.

51 ly.

Custom Work.

A. BENTON would announce to his former customers, that he has removed to Bridgton generally, that he has recommenced making CUTS, and is now ready to attend to

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING, for either men, women or children.

Work respectfully solicited.

Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859. 1v

DOORS,

Sashes, and Blinds.

THE Subscriber has removed his Factory to the LARGE NEW SHOP near the Cumberland Mills, and having fitted up in the best manner, is now prepared to supply customers, or will make at short notice,

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Door and Window Frames, Mouldings of all sizes, House

Finish of any description, Pump-tubing, and all the various kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL

that can be advantageously prepared by his Machinery.

We also Plane and Saw all kinds of Lumber; Joint and Match Boards; Pine, Joint, and Square Clapboards in the best manner.

Builders and others in want of such articles are invited to call and examine our work.

I. S. HOPKINSON.

Bridgton Center, Feb. 16, 1860. 3m15

G. H. BROWN,

Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in

FURNITURE

of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES,

PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS,

CHAMBER SETTS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables.

REDS, of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms.

ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

LOOKING - GLASSES REPAIRED.

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

A. P. OSBORNE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

W. I. GOODS,

—AND—

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

Foreign & Domestic Fruits,

CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

IMPORTED ALES, &c.

CONFECTIONERY,

Manufactured from the best Stock.

Also, Agent for the Star Brewery, for

PALE AND AMBER ALES.

PORTLAND DISTILLERY.

N. E. Rum, Alcohol & Burning Fluid,

W. C. OSBORNE,

DISTILLER AND MANUFACTURER,

All orders for the above to be forwarded to

A. P. OSBORNE, Agent,

No. 10 Market Square, Portland, Me. 1y32

BYRON GREENOUGH, & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,

BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,

NOS. 148 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,

B. Greenough,

I. K. Morse,

A. L. Gilkey,

Particular attention is invited to our Stock of Goods, it being by far the largest and most complete in the market, comprising every variety of Style, made of the best materials, and in a superior manner. 2 ly

J. W. MANSFIELD,

Wholesale and Retail

Saddle, Harness, Trunk, Valise,

—AND—

CARPET BAG MANUFACTORY,

No. 174 Middle St., opposite U. S. Hotel,

PORTLAND, ME. 33

HORACE BILLINGS,

Commission Merchant,

—AND DEALER IN—